The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.
Written, edited and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

Entered as second class matter at United States Army Post Office, Paris, France.

Guy T. Viskniskki, Capt., Inf., Officer in Charge.

States Army Fost Unice; 1 and, 1 and 1 and 1 and 2 and

cation.
THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2, A.E.F., 1Rue des Italiens, Paris, France. Telephone, Gutenberg 12.95. London Office, Goring Hotel, London, S.W.1.

## FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1918.

The circulation of THE STARS AND STRIPES this week passes the 400,000 mark. This is the forty-second week of

### THANKSGIVING

America, on Thanksgiving Day, 1918, has good cause to be thankful.

After 19 months of war, she has seen her effort mightily avail on behalf of the forces of right. She has seen topple and fall an infamous bulwark of that tyranny which it infamous bulwark of that tyranny which it has ever been her glory and her privilege to fight. She has seen her sons, fresh to the game of war, go forward and prove themselves worthy scions of the Minute Men that brought her to birth. She has seen her people, drawn from many races, united, welded together in pursuit of the common purpose as never before. She has awakened to the significance of her mission in the world. She has found her sout.

To us her sons, though far away from

world. She has found her soul.

To us, her sons, though far away from home on the most homelike of days, the recurring feast will be none the less significant. Since the last Thanksgiving Day we have seen much, learned much, traveled far, both in body and mind. And now before us lies the prospect of returning, in good time, to the land that has helped us and backed us, to the land that has helped us and backed us, to the land that chose us her standard bearers in the great day of Armastandard bearers in the great day of Arma-

What more than this could we find on What more than this could we find on this approaching Thanksgiving Day to thank God for, with all our hearts and souls. To have been, in this year of years, numbered among the Soldiers of Liberty?

## FATHER

Americans hate sentiment—at least, they think they do. That is why it is such a hard job to write to the old man. You don't want to gush, and if you don't gush, if you just write a matter-of-fact, all-well—hope-you-are-the-same sort of letter, it sounds as if you didn't mean what you were saying, or meant more than you were saying.

writing to the old man is really some little proposition. But it ought to be done —Lord knows he's been put off by promises often enough—and the Father's Christmas Letter plan gives every man in the A.E.F. the chance to come across, to put an earl to programment to programme across, to put an earl to programme across, to put an

end to procrastination, to snap into it.

The old man is snapping into it, too.
It's just as hard a job for him. But he'll
get just as much fun out of trying as you

So let's all get busy on Sunday.

## "WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?"

Since the armistice we have noted a tendency on the part of certain persons to claim all or the lion's share of credit for the victory over the common foe for this,

the victory over the common foe for this, it hat or the other Ally, according to the writer's or speaker's nationality.

We suppose that this is the psychological time for this particular species of fool to afflict an already sorely tried world. We further suppose that a certain number of equally loose thinkers will be more or less influenced by the utterances of the claimalls, and that these two classes of humans will attract to themselves about the same attention that a pickpocket gains in a company of honest men.

pany of honest men.

In other words, for a time these impolitic people may, and probably will, cause feeling of resentment in some quarters. But the great, common-sense majority of the Allied peoples will always remember (and gladly give credit accordingly) that the was won by all of the Allies fighting as one great Army of Liberty.

# A LADY KILLER

The Army Edition of the Chicago Trib-une is conducting a feature letter column in answer to the question, as ungrammati-cally expressed as it is lacking in taste: "American or French girls, which is best?" Some one who signs himself "An Offi-cor" has this to effer in value.

DOING ONE WHO SIGNS himself "An Officer" has this to offer in reply:

American girls have American men bluffed more than any set of women ever had any set of mere than any set of women ever had any set of mere than any set of women ever had any set of mere than a set of the work of the prench girl today, she has good reason to be; perhaps it will teach her to be more appreciative.

The American girl is characteristically cold mercenary, vain as a pencock, had added the control of the prench girl today, she has good reason to be; perhaps it will teach her to be more appreciative steady of the control of the prench girls do not change and customs of the country will ever forget their little French sweethers are girls do not change and learn to be more attentive and appreciative of our men than they have been in the past, they are soing to have more time for knitting. Our men will remain in France of times don't realize that a big disappointment is waiting for them at home. Girls they thought were wonderful once will turn out to be gold bricks and cannouflage artists socially. American went will ret so much respect, unless they change, that the fellows will speak to them only when courtesy demands, but will go out with their little French girls when they want a really interesting evening.

their little French girls when they want a really interesting evening.

If only to be good is the American girl's idea of life, we will let her alone, as that she can be just as good as she pleases. Old maids' homes a good as she pleases. Old maids' homes a good as she pleases. Old maids' homes a good as the pleases of what they have hearned and done in France, will be just the ones who will laugh at the American' girl when she springs her line, such as "I can swim ten feet with my face clear under water. Isn't that wonders are a good of the please of the good of

The only saving thing about the above illusion.

The Stars and Stripes letter is that the gratuitous, high-handed insult is equally distributed among the women of the two republics. It is no more and no less, offensive to the one than to the other.

If "An Officer" would recite it to each of the innocent conquests which are obviously such fair game for him, his own future would be clear. He would not spend it in an old maids' home, but in an analogous institution. Neither, if we had our way, would he be allowed to pass his declining days in any soldiers' home that flies or ever shall fly Old Glory. Perhaps we cannot all be one hundred per cent chivalrous, but we need not all, therefore, be egregrious asses.

## IN BEHALF OF AN OLD FRIEND

In the regions where once whis the Holm the shrapped no longer spits its leaden death and the wild Jack Johnsons no longer rumble aloft. The old steel Stetson has lost what one of our painfully exact French scholars would call its "raison d'être for the straight of the

being."

In the region well behind the late front, the old steel Stetson was never used at all. Some of those regions were favored with being allowed to retain the Old Campaign llat. Others had to be content with Old Rain-in-the-Face, otherwise known as the overseas cap, and often referred to by less endearing epithets. From all we can find out, the overseas cap, even in its amended shape, has never been what one might call howlingly popular, except with the people who do not have to wear it all the time.

How about a reissue of the dear old hat?

I think of thee!

The cold gray dawn of a cheeriess morn—The zero hour—then through the sca Of hell and death, we rate the cold gray dawn of a cheeries morn—The zero hour—then through the sca Of hell and death, we rate—the start of the land death, we rate—the start of the cold gray dawn of a cheeriess morn—The zero hour—then through the sca Of hell and death, we read the for the cold gray dawn of a cheeries morn—the death, we can find of the the cold gray dawn of a cheeries morn—the death, we can find of the the cold gray dawn of a cheeries morn—the death, we can find of the the cold gray dawn of a cheeries morn—the death, we can find of the the cold gray dawn of a cheeries all.

who do not have to wear it all the time.
How about a reissue of the dear old hat?
It would make us look and feel again like real Americans. And none could ask for finer recognition of whatever we have been able to contribute as individuals to the game of winning the war.

## PLEASE, NO JOYRIDERS

Now that it is all over, we begin to scen And that I is all over, we negli to test trouble from a far. We can foresee troupes and hordes of American civilian sightseers, male, female and pacifist, coming galumphing across the Atlantic (all U-boats corralled by the Allies) to get an eyeful of ruins and a few second-hand thrills.

We hope that the passport authorities

ruins and a few second-hand thrills.

We hope that the passport authorities are on their guard. It isn't all over yet; there is a lot of work to be done here, both for the A.E.F. and for France, and we hope for the A.E.F. and for France, and we hope that, until it is well cleaned up, none but our co-workers and people who have legitimate errands will be allowed to make the trip. With the problem of feeding the poor people of the liberated districts, and also our stricken enemies on our hands this winter, every mouth that is not matched with a capable and willing pair of hands to help along the big job will be just so much of an added drain on our Ally France's already taxed assources.

an aneat drawn of the ready taxed resources.

In spite of all precautions, some joyriders got through while the fighting was
going on. The best that we can say of
them is that they at least took a sporting them is that they at least took a sporting chance—say, about a 100 to 1—in coming over at all. But for the joyriders who, we can feel, are even now planning to descend on us, we shall have little good to say. And we carnestly ask the passport powers to hold them in until we can get home.

## THE EYES OF A NATION

The following orden entitled "Conduct of Officers on Shore," was recently issued by Rear Admiral Henry B. Wilson, then commander of United States Naval Forces in French waters:

It seems to be the idea of a few individuals that the uniform of an officer bestows upon the yearer special privilege and license. That this a false and fatal idea seems hardly necessary

Is a false and fatal idea seems hardly necessary to state.

The uniform of an American officer stands for honor and responsibility. At this time in our nation's life it represents in our nation's life it represents in our nation set kind of a calling and of the stands of the stands

CA. Your commission calls for moral responsibility us well as military activity.
THE EXES OF A GREAT NATION ARE UPON TO US should not be necessary to relate at the second of the should not be necessary to relate at the second of the should not be necessary to relate at the second of the should not be necessary to relate at the second of the second of

THE EYES OF A GREAT NATION ARE UPON 10.1 It should not be necessary to point out to any officer the fact that he is an example to his men. No unit will over rise in conduct his incention of its officer, the fact that he is an example to his men. No unit will over rise in conduct his different and the property of the control of the conduction of the con

pect.
Though we are outside the bounds of our own
and, its laws and customs have not changed. We
are still responsible to the moral law of our own
come and our own country.

As we see it, this order, though intended primarily for the officers of the United States Navy, applies with equal force to the Navy's enlisted men, and also to the offi-cers and men of all ranks composing the

## DIE WACHT AM RHEIN

Those of us who are fortunate enough to have been selected for the Army of Ocqupation have a far more difficult task than that of merely policing a certain strip of ground. We shall be in the midst of a people who are drinking the dregs of the cup of defeat, who are seeing their lands held by an alien force to insure their own good behavior, who have been deserted by the ruler in whose defense they gave something more precious than life, a people who, to fit themselves for a place in the society of nations, must build up on the moral ruins of the past four years.

We go in among them as conquerors—there is no need to conceal that fact from them or from ourselves. But we must go in among them with humble and contrite heart. For, though we enter as conquerors, we enter also as peace-makers, "for they shall be called the children of God."

The new watch on the Rhine must be a watch of courtesy, of tolerance, for a people

The new watch on the Rhine must be a watch of courtesy, of tolerance, for a people who apparently are at last snatching from their eyes the bloody bandage of imperial

# The Army's Poets

## CHATEAU-THIERRY

CHATEAU-IMERAL
O God! how vast
The distance seems to loom
Twixt these heroic men and me,
High Priests of Liberty!
Unarmed, but unafraid,
Alas! I have no part,
But thrust aside
With lacerated heart,
I watch the tide,
Undaunted, undismayed,
Go rushing past,
Amid volcanic gioom,
lime their crimson Calvary Amid volcanic gloom, Unto their crimson Calvary To set their brothers free. Chaplain THOMAS F. COARLEY.

### OF THEE

Through the long cold hours of a Flanders night While I stand at post in a lone "O.P."
And mark each shell that falls in the dark, My eyes sore strained every light to see,
I think of thee!

N BEHALF OF AN OLD FRIEND
In the regions where once was the front its shrapnel no longer spits its leaden death the shrapnel no longer spits its leaden death from the shrapnel no longer rule.

Though faint, I praise what gods may be for thoughts of thee!

The cold gray dawn of a cheerless morn— The zero hour—then through the sea Of hell and death, we rush the foe— And, Love, there comes to hearten me, Sweet thoughts of thee!

Some Joyous fairy with the gift of art Has set you picturesquely through the land, Along fair roads, and just so far apart, Or dancing down the meadows hand in hand.

Some joyous fairy with the gift of art,
Who saw your folk with understanding eye—
Some fairy with the love of France at heart,
Who still, like you, is looking toward the sky.

You poplars, lifting lace across the sun,
You willows, weaving fleece in forest aisles,
When, through your pretty tendrils, day has run,
You spread a net to catch the moon's white
smiles.

And you, tall, slender oak, a lissome maid.
With vines instead of boughs, in clinging gown
You lean from loving winds, as it afraid,
And yet I know you long to go to town.

Your bonnet tipped, that nods with every breath, is chic beyond the ways of lane or yard; I know your souls inhabit, after death, Fine ladies on a Paris boulevard.

CHABLES DIVINE, Pvt.

### YOUR SOLDIER

It is for you. Through endless nights
Of mud and rain he stubbornly
Plods on, head down, back bent beneath
His pack—on towards the shell-strenked sky
And maddening roar where truth and lies
And love and hate and life and death
All meet in war, red war! He loves
And hates, and so he fights. To all
His love be true. Guard well your heart
And keep the faith. He fights for you!
H. J. L.

### SONG OF THE FLYER

Oh, the life of a flyer may surely be gay, For he sings with his heart beating strong And he drifts on the breezes beneath the way Where the zephyrs play lightly in song.

There is never a worry, nor even a thought What the ending is likely to be—At the wave of the flag, he is off like a shot, And is cheerfully happy, and free.

Not a fear that he'll meet with an unhappy fate For he flies with the best in the blue. He will fight to the last; so the shadows mus And the Devil must fight for his due.

Not a sigh, nor a sorrow, nor even a care Has a flyer who climbs to his height. For he longs for the chance of a duel in air And to show that he's game in the fight.

It's the game that he loves, from beginning

end.
And he lives like a pirate at sea.
So let's drink to the health of our buccanee
friend,
For he's cheerfully happy, and free.
JOHN STONE, 1st. Lt., A.S.

C'EST LA GUERRE There's a little red roofed house beside a road-side in Dordogne; I have passed it many times in sun and rain, And 1 always get a greeting and a smile that warms my heart. And inserts a golden link in friendship's chain.

She is not a highly educated girl in silk and fur— I have seen better looking girls by far, But there's something in her greeting words and in the way she smiles, There is something hid behind her "Au revoir." That's the reason why you'll find me in the poor

but happy home and the home but happy home but have home but home but had but home but home but had bu

When the war is really over and we reach the U. S. A... For a time I may forget it over there, But the day will come when memories will drive me lack to France
And I'll hear the sweetest voice say, "C'est la guerre." Pvt. CHARLES P. CLAUSIN. Base Hospital No. 3.

## ODE TO A SIDE CAR

Oh, it's hell to sit in a side car when the trucks are crashing by, With never a spark in the darkness to cheer one's

Save the flash of a shell when it scatters the mud on the passers-by?
When the road is packed with silent troops, it's a hell of a place to die!
The shells are not so bad—they hit you if Fat decrees—
But it's awful to dash along in the dark and feel that you're on the "skees"
With a big, wet ditch beside you, and the orders they need in your hard.
And thousands and you hard whizing stuff that any wrong side up on your stomach while you are finally "canned."
When you know that the P.C. before you is wondering why you delay
with the dope from the general commanding for the work of the coming day.

Yes, it's hell to ride in a side car in the dark of a drenching rain.

And the only reason I mention it is that again and again and again.

One hears that the life of the "gilded staff" is free from care and pain! One hears that the life of the "gilded staff" is free from care and pain!
A good, clean shot in the gizzard or a gob of gas in the chess chance for a gilded V and those soft, white hands that cares.
But the grinding wheels of a two-ton truck can so when you scort at the "gilded staff," with its breches neatly pressed.
Remember their nights in the side car! They take their chance with the rest.
J. P. H., Hq., — Div.

# TO SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

Somebody died today in France, Somebody's life for his country has gone; Somewhere beyond the liquid expanse Somebody's mother is mourning her son.

Tis not for him our tear drops fall,
For he now is free from trouble and strife.
But his mother who answered his earliest call,
Who for him would gladly have given her life O God! in our hearts, this day we pray That somebody's mother, in her soul of love, May know that thou hast provided a way For a reuniting in Heaven above. Set LEONARD G. FOX, A.S.

# FROM THE BOY



left.

3 p.m.—Still more of the above. Don't know where to put it.

4 p.m.—Beans and potato salad have pushed me up to the rafters. Sent a request up the tube for a little time to clean up. Got more doughnuts for an answer. What's the use?

5 p.m.—GAS! Am writing this with my mask on.

6 p.m.—GAS! Am writing this with my mask on.
6:03 p.m.—Monday's goldfish is raising the devil with tonight's doughnuts.
7:02 p.m.—Anchored my ladder. Gas is get ting thicker by the minute.
8 p.m.—Nover saw so much gas in my life.
8:30 p.m.—Am prepared to die—and so is the fellow who carries me around!
8:45 p.m.—Sound of doctor's voice outside. Heard something about "C.C.'s." I know what they mean.
8:48 p.m.—Here they come, four of 'em, all in a bunch.
Thursday.

in a bunch.

Thursday.

a.m.—Well, you wouldn't know the old place any more—or me either. I lost my helmet and my extra pair of hikors in

helmet and my extra pair of inches in the big rush.

m.—Called up the tube and asked for a soft diet until I have time to see the supply sergeant and get another helmet. Hadn't finished talking before down comes a lot of hardtack and coffee. I got three scalp wounds from the hardtack.

p.m.—Goldfish! I might have known it!

Friday.

Friday.

a.m.—Frog bread and coffee.

103 a.m.—Something big's going on up above. Boocoo prisoners and a lot of shouting. "There's kegs and kegs of it,"

I hear some one saying.

105 a.m.—Booche beer—the good old heavy kind with a kick in it.

11:05 a.m.—Dixto.

kind with a kick in it.

11:30 a.m.—Ditto.

12 m.—Ditto.

3 p.m.—Ditto. Guess I'll lay off for a few days. I need the rest and my lights are out, anyhow.

Saturday.

Don't know what time it is. I should worry.

Sunday.

7 a.m.—What's AWOL mean?

Sgt. C. W. Person.

## RELIGION To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
In the religious department (?) of THE STARS AND STRIPES of October 25, page 4, column 2, is an editorial (?) entitled "Soul Savers." The writer very properly flays a certain self-styled soul saver, and attributes to him the plain, outspoken Biblical term Pharisee. Apparently, the man in question must have been possessed of considerable self-right-eousness, or else lack of wisdom, or both.
But, having reviewed both the critic and his victim, one naturally asks: "Where is the

THE STOMACH SPEAKS
To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
Herewith the diary of a doughboy's stomach himself.
Monday.

7 a.m.—Put on my steel lizzie and waited hor coffee. Nothing came down but water, hardrack and goldfish. Wish I had signed up with an officer.

12 m.—Hello! What's this, steak and French fired at last? No such luck—got a shower of water and monkey-meat. I'm S.O.L., that's all.

2 m.—More water and monkey-meat. I'm S.O.L., that's all.

3 m.—Water—nothing clse. Big fight going on outside.

12 m.—More water. I'm building a ladder out of the two horselairs and the wood that came down with the beans on Saturday night. Safety first, say I. depaired out of the two horselairs and the wood that came down with the beans on Saturday night. Safety first, say I. depaired out of the two horselairs and the wood that came down with the beans on Saturday night. Safety first, say I. depaired on the country represented by THE STARS AND STRIPES, which is supposed to be, and certainly is, the literary expression of Old Glory in France, thoughts of THE STARS AND STRIPES, which is supposed to be, and certainly is, the literary expression of Old Glory in France, thoughts of THE STARS AND STRIPES, which is supposed to be, and certainly is, the literary expression of Old Glory in France, the missing expression of Old Glory in France, the mouth of the sould have expression of Old Glory in France, the suppose of the sould have expression of Old Glory in France, the suppose of the sould have expression of Old Glory in France, thoughts of THE STARS AND STRIPES, which is supposed to be, and certainly is, the literary expression of Old Glory in France, the office on the suppose of the suppose on the suppose of the suppose on the suppose of the suppose of the suppose on the suppose of the s

# THE SALUTE

THE SALUTE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
In a recent issue of your paper there was an article comparing the American and French salutes. It stated that the American soldier bows his head when he salutes.

Any man in the service who bows his head when he renders the salute is not a soldier, and when he renders the salute is not a soldier his became when he will remain until he learns to salute properly.

There isn't a salute used by any country in the world to compare with the one used when he made the salute is not a soldier has seen them all. There is only one hand any man in the service who does not render it in a correct manner is either a bonchead or did not get proper instructions. The writer saw one division arrive in Earland, whose members, before they had gone to book blocks, you would have nicknamed the star Gazers, because of the fact that when highballed the sun.

Let the author of that article wander in its conductive in the cockles of his heart and change his ideas.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: It isn't very often that we have an opportunity to burst into print, but we believe that at least a fairly reasonable excuse: This company subscribed \$10,000 to the Fourth Liberty Loan; that is, bought 200 \$50 to the fourth Liberty Loan; that is, bought 200 \$50 to the fourth Liberty Loan; that is, bought 200 \$50 to the fourth Liberty Loan; that is, bought 200 \$50 to of the old regular outfits and watch him its not not of that article wander in the cockles of his heart and change his ideas.

For the love of Mike, leave us our salute. It's about the only thing we have left to disjoint the countries.

Pro the love of Mike, leave us our salute. It's about the only thing we have left to disjoint the countries. J. Francis Claves, F. A.

PRAISE FOR DAVE

# PRAISE FOR DAVE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES Just a fow lines in regard to Dave Duncan, be Y.M.C.A. man from St. Paul, Minn., who, hrough great hardship, so faithfully and greatly helped the boys at the front during he last drive.

the last drive.

It was Dave who helped bandage the wounded and passed cigarettes among the boys, and made hot coffce and cocca under heavy shell fire. Although right at the front at one town, you could see Dave hollering to the men, as they passed by, to have their wounds bandaged: "Come over and get your first aid here!"

wounds bandaged: "Come over and get your first aid berei"

The first aid consisted of a cup of hot, steaming coffee and a few cigarettes, which give joy to every doughboy's heart, and send him away full of new life. This was during the days of the 15th and 16th of October. This little note is written by one who has seen Davo when he was as busy as an American barrage. And I think that for the wonderful service he rendered to the doughboys he deserves a medal, if any man does.

Pyt. Joseph Sikora, Runner, Inf.

## MIKE MESSKIT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:



To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
Herewith picture of our company mascot, lost in a small town somewhere near Dijon.
He's only a small, shaggy street cur, but he has street cur, but he has street cur, but he last str

COMPANY C, 310TH FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION

## LETTER PAPER

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
I would like to offer a suggestion that may
be of benefit to some members of the American E.F.
One of the most important phases of our
life over here is letter writing, and we all
sincerely appreciate the consideration that
the Y.M.C.A. and K. of C. have given to this
feature of their work, in so generously supplying the material for us to write our letters
with.

plying the material for us to write our letters with.

But there are many times and places where it is impossible for us to avail ourselves of this privilege. In such cases it is sometimes very difficult to get stationery, and because of that we do not write as many letters as we would like to. Sometime ago I requested all those with whom I correspond to enclose, with each of their letters to me, one or two sheets of writing paper and an envelope. The result is that I always have sufficient stationery at least to answer the letters which I receive, Cour, Homer S, Bradger.

# **OUR MISTAKE**

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
Your edition of THE STARS AND
STRIPES dated October 25 states that 1,718
men will be wearing three service stripes by
the end of October. According to our system of reckoning time, that statement needs
some explanation.

To be entitled to wear these three stripes
by the end of October, a man must have
salled within two weeks after the declaration
of war by the United States.
A quotation from a letter written by Secretary of War Baker, and made public by the
President on July 2, reads as follows:
The first ship carrying military personal sailed
on May 8, 1917, having on board gaves leaghed
No. 4 and members of the Reserve Nurses Force,
General Peyshing and his staff sailed on May
20, 1917. The embarkations in the months from
12251; July 12,938.
Apparently there has been a mistake in the
calculations somewhere. We have a hunch
that three service stripes will be seen in this
section of the country legitimately before
many are sporting them in the American E.F.
Mixmers or Base Hospital, No. 4, U.S.A.,
still serving with the British, E.F. To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: